

SPRIT OF THE PRESS.

Editorial Opinions of the Leading Journals Upon Current Topics—Compiled Every Day for the Evening Telegraph.

GRANT AND CUBA.

From the N. Y. Herald.

Public opinion in this country is not very likely to be much influenced by the agency with which the London Times supports what it seems to imagine to be the designs of the United States on Cuba. Certainly, nothing could be more amusingly brazen than the way in which the Times denounces Spain as stupid and unbecomingly for her meddling in the New World—the said "meddling" being neither more nor less than an attempt of the Spanish Government to put down an insurrection in Cuba, precisely as the English Government, not very long ago, put down an insurrection in Canada.

If anything could make Americans more than doubtful as to the expediency of exerting a hostile pressure upon Spain for the purpose of compelling the annexation of Cuba to the Union, it should certainly be the extreme eagerness shown by such journals as the Times to see the United States settling themselves to that work. Cuba, wrenched from the grasp of Spain by our arms, would pretty surely come to us in a condition which would make the island, economically speaking, worthless, and, politically speaking, worse than worthless, to us for many a long year to come. The only really wise and really honorable action which our Government can take in this matter the World has already pointed out to be the exercise of our friendly influence upon Spain on the one hand and upon Cuba on the other, to bring about a calm and peaceful settlement of the status of the island by negotiations between the people of the colony and the people of the metropolis. We have also, unfortunately, been forced to chronicle the practical failure of the first attempts of our Government in this direction—a failure due to the worse than folly of President Grant in forcing a second, a murderer, a man destitute of honor and of character, into the position of our accredited envoy at the Spanish capital. President Grant himself appears to have regarded these first fruits of his "esteem, friendship, and respect" for Mr. Daniel E. Sickles as being of such slight consequence that he could not stay in Washington even twenty-four hours to consider the new aspect in which they put the Cuban question, and the position in which they put his own administration.

That both are surely worth consideration. That the Cuban insurrection will take care of itself and work out a happy result for Cuba with no interference of ours is utterly improbable. It may suit an indolent and undecided administration to believe that it will do so, just as it suits Cuban agents in this country to represent that this is actually doing. But what are the facts of the case? The Cuban revolt began nearly or quite ten months ago. Had it broken out before the revolution in Spain, it probably would have been successful long before this time, for in that case it would have commanded the active sympathy and co-operation of the vast majority of the inhabitants of the island, as well as Peninsulars as Creoles. The intolerable burdens imposed upon Cuba by the sudden return of the Narvaez government to power in Spain had been working out such a result, for eighteen months and more, when the system of Narvaez, emasculated by his death, went to pieces under the shock of the revolution of 1868 in Spain.

But though the actual Cuban insurrection has been raging, as we are constantly assured, with extreme vehemence for so many months, what do we see to-day? It remains still without any discoverable and accessible headquarters in the island. Not a single report has fallen into the hands of the insurgents. "Ocean belligerency" they have none, nor the ghost of any. Foreign States are compelled to take the very existence of such a thing as an "organized insurrectionary government" purely upon trust. While this state of things continues, it grows daily more and more probable that the property-holders of the island, coming to regard the rebellion as a failure and as threatening to degenerate into a mere system of rapine, brigandage, and destruction, may make up their minds to deal with Spain in better than disorder without Spain, and so abandoning their hitherto inert attitude of expectancy may throw themselves with all their force upon the side of the Spanish Government. To do this will be to end the matter, morally at least, in favor of Spain. For, when this has been done, Spain will find herself in a position to treat with the Cubans without any intermediation of ours. And everything conspires to make it probable that, whenever Spain comes to treat with the Cubans amicably, the result will be the establishment in the island of a practical autonomy involving no closer connection with the mother country than now exists between England and her North American Dominion.

That may or may not be a sensible and satisfactory solution of the Cuban question as it presents itself to-day. But it assuredly will not be the solution which President Grant's administration has been looking for. Its consummation would be an open defeat and humiliation of President Grant's administration. It is perfectly true, of course, that the success of the propositions made by our Government at Madrid, and ruined (if they are ruined) by the advocacy of Sickles, might have ended in very much the same solution as this. The examples of Mexico and her sister Spanish-American States are not calculated to tempt into dangerous schemes into desiring Cuban independence. But if Cuban autonomy without independence had been secured through the good offices of America, not only should we have made Spain our friend by helping her honorably out of a cruel difficulty—we should have admirably prepared the way for the eventual annexation of Cuba by attaching to ourselves the best classes of the Cuban population.

If Cuban autonomy without independence is achieved now without us, it will seem to have been achieved in spite of us, and a situation pregnant with the finest possibilities for the influence and the reputation of the United States will have been scandalously sacrificed by the frivolous political incoherency and the sad moral obtuseness of the man upon whom radicalism, for its own purposes, chose to thrust the Chief Magistracy of the nation.

FISK ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.

From the N. Y. Herald.

We expected it. We knew there could not be an eclipse of the sun but war would follow, and here it is. In the valley of the Susquehanna there are stirring times. That hitherto placid region was the chosen abode of the angel of peace, but he, poor rustic, has wiped the smut from his forehead, folded the little linen he owns, packed his Russian leather bag, and taken his departure, slipping

away by an express train, having been surprised with his wings out for repairs. In his stead comes, slowly rising above the line of the horizon, the burly figure of Fisk, Jr., the hero of a hundred fights and victories—the man of interior lines and exterior equanimity. There is a hum of many voices—a hubbub, a clamor—the noise of hustling and jostling, and the dust of the struggle fills the air, so that the only thing that is definite is Fisk, Jr. He comes out as round and clear as that part of the moon that first thrust its independent periphery between us and the sun on Saturday last at one minute past five P. M. He is the only thing that is well defined; but there are other figures dimly seen in the edge of the glory that blazes out from his person like the circle of splendor around a Chinese giant made of fireworks. There is some mysterious creature named Ramsey, touching whom tradition and history are equally silent; there are five hundred persons, called the "indignant public," gathered together in Albany and shouting for Ramsey; there are others, hurried bridges, judges furiously and rapidly issuing injunctions; the very air is darkened with writs and with sheriff's hurrying madly up and down with those perquisites of the law. Then there is the Governor encouraging the diversion by declaring that whoever gets possession shall be protected therein; and, better than all, there are the militia soldiers marching through the blue and rose-colored fire, the excellent band playing:—

"O'er an famous regiment  
The regiment to the Duke's Duchesse."

Hurray for the militia!  
Then we have the Governor again. This time he threatens to apply the radical cure of martial law, which, as is known to all "mussy" persons, both in this country and Europe, has a "sting like a viper," seize the road in the name of the Executive, and run it as a military line under the urgency of a military necessity. The very announcement of such a plan had a soothing effect. The belligerents were astonished, sobered, and finally soothed, at least for the moment. They appeared as if rejoiced that any person or power came between them to "hold on" to them and calm the "hurry burly" even temporarily. It was agreed to hand the matter—road, quarrel, and all—over to the Governor, saving the rights of the contestants, let him retain it for a while, and then see how it would "come out." Governor Hoffman, in the meantime, "went in," as invited. He appointed a gentleman to represent him—a sort of condensed railroad king—assume the responsibility and "work" the road on the "one man power" principle. This has been carried into effect, and all refractory members are likely to be pushed aside equally, after the fashion of Oliver Cromwell and the first Bonaparte. The precedent may herald a grand revolution in the matter of railroad management, for if the Governor's man is able to "tool the coach," after the others have failed, why not an executive man be appointed to run each line or all the lines in the State, under authority of law? Good may "come out of evil."

Altogether it is the most magnificent, entertaining, and distracting middle of modern times. It is better than the anti-war party; fifty times better than Grant's visit to Long Branch. (How is it he didn't go to Saratoga, since there are races up there?) Nobody would think of comparing Bismark's Sadowa war to this war on the banks of the beautiful Susquehanna; for Bismark is not so stout as Fisk, and whereas that war lasted only seven days, this will last a great deal longer. There is no use to make the comparison scribbled with all the great events of our time, from the coup d'etat to the battle of Prince and Turk. It is sufficient to say that this surpasses them all in the dramatic and epic elements, and we are confident that if Fisk owned poet, Achilles, Ulysses, Diomedes and all those fellows would appear as atoms beside him. The confusion of the thing is so beautiful. It is so exquisitely incomprehensible. This indeed, is, critically speaking, the great point. All ordinary uppers are soon seen through. We know them as we know the incidents of a ride in a city horse-car. And it is this familiarity that breeds contempt for them as commonplace. We defy anybody to have a similar contempt for Fisk's doings. He evidently believes in Burke, and means to be sublime by keeping just in the outer limit of popular comprehension.

No doubt the public would be sorry to have this fine row degenerate into a simple thing that they could understand, but this need not cause them to regret that Fisk has written a letter explaining his case. He does not explain it, of course. He is not so foolish as to make these matters plain. True, he seems for a moment to argue very straightforwardly that he acts in the interest of owners of the majority of the stock, and that his object is to make the Susquehanna Railroad, connecting Binghamton with Albany, less a branch of the Erie than a main line that in conjunction with the Erie will connect the West with the East by the Albany and Boston road. Here we can see a good and legitimate purpose, and also a plain reason for the opposition of the Central, that great rival of Erie that now has exclusive direct communication between Albany and the West. This, therefore, is simple enough; but, as we have said, that very fact is against it, for surely Fisk is not inclined thus to come down from the throne he holds as the Grand Panjandrum of modern muddles, and stand before the world simply as a shrewd manager of railroads, careful to be in the right. Such self-abnegation is not possible; so we shall suspend our faith in his proclamation till we hear what the other side says.

IS THE REVOLUTION OVER?

From the Richmond Examiner.

Two spirits now rend the Republican party. One urges it to hold its power by violence; the other urges it to widen its foundations by justice. One whispers that the revolution is not over; the other gives the caution that it is time to take in sail. Boutwell believes that the angry passions of the mob have not yet spent themselves; Greeley believes that it is best to call the dogs off. All, under the fiery spur of old Thad. Stevens, finally agreed to let in upon the South the Black Sea of universal negro suffrage, under the idea that that would hold in check the Southern vote; but the extreme wing of the party is not now clear that this will make a sure thing of it. Thus Brownlow sought to harness Tennessee by enfranchisement of the one hand and disfranchisement of the other. This Wells urged upon the Reconstruction Committee that he could not manage Virginia unless they would disfranchise 25,000 Rebels. Thus his party (83,000 of them) voted to keep on the wrists of Virginia the manacles of the test oath. Thus Boutwell wrote to Tennessee backing up the prescriptive policy of Stokes. These party leaders would drive the South into radicalism—drive them with negro votes, and take care to have a majority of negro votes. Out of the Union they would hold the South with the bayonet; in the Union they must hold it with negro

votes. It is the policy which England acted on so long in Ireland—the government of sheer force. It is the policy which Austria followed in Venetia and Lombardy. It is the system of Russia in Poland—force, and plenty of it.

But there are broader views in the Republican party. This class of thinkers (and it seems to comprise the ablest Republican newspapers) do not believe that the South can be successfully governed in this way. They do not believe that an enduring Republican party can be built up in the South by such means. Mr. Greeley is the leader of this wing. He still flies his banner "Universal Amnesty and Universal Suffrage." "It is not a victory to-day that I seek," he exclaims, "but to win in the war." He wishes to appeal to the interests and judgment of the whites of the South, believing that, until he can divide the whites, it will be impossible to form any solid Republican party among us. Therefore he patronizes Walker in Virginia and Senter in Tennessee. He sees the Walker Republicans drive the point of the wedge into the ranks of the whites in Virginia, and he thinks a few more blows will divide them into two parts. He believes it is madness to attempt to govern the South permanently with the negroes alone, and that they must appeal to the wealth, the intelligence, and the virtue of this section. Governor Brownlow seems to have reached the same conclusion in Tennessee—and he had tried the other plan. The President, Secretary Fish, Secretary Cox, Secretary Rawlins, the New York Times, the New York Commercial, the Springfield Republican, the Chicago Republican, and the Chicago Tribune agree with Mr. Greeley. Secretary Boutwell, William Phillips, Secretary Crosswell, Washington Chronicle, General Butler, represent the Mountain.

The latter are not instructed by the result in Virginia, where the party which put the test-oath in the Virginia Constitution were beaten by that very blunder; nor by the result in Tennessee, where the very expansive force of freedom spontaneously burst the hoops and bands which confined its spirit. "Push on the guillotine," they cry; "Mississippi and Texas yet remain—and we have not done with Virginia."

There is undoubtedly dissension in the Republican camp; it remains to be seen which element will triumph. The President is bound in honor, as well as in feeling, to Boutwell. He has a powerful backing; but Vinton (whom the President hates) is strong in will, has Butler at his back, and trusts to the idea that the revolutionary fury is not yet over.

Which will win? We bet on Horace Greeley and the President. The Northern people are tired of strife. Northern capital is tired of the unsettled condition of the South. Northern sense of justice demands that we shall have done with a system of repression and force. "The spirit of the hour is a gentle spirit; the spirit of war and of diabolism spreads her wings at the first grey streaks of the morning."

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF THE ADMINISTRATION.

From the N. Y. Sun.

In his inaugural address, referring to our foreign policy, General Grant told the country that he should deal with nations as equitable law requires individuals to deal with each other; that he should protect native and foreign-born citizens wherever their rights were put in jeopardy, and wherever our flag floated; that while respecting the rights of all nations, he would demand equal respect for our own; and that if other powers should depart from this rule, he might be compelled to follow their precedent.

These brave words foreshadowed a bold and vigorous policy. They received the warm approval of our own people, irrespective of party, and arrested the attention and excited the comment of foreign powers. The English and French journals, reflecting, no doubt, the opinions of their leading statesmen, tried to argue themselves into the belief that these declarations were capable of a pacific construction, while they freely admitted that they betokened a determination on the part of the new President to conduct our foreign affairs in a spirit more firm, decisive, and truly American than had of late years marked our history.

The past five months have afforded frequent occasions for putting the sincerity of General Grant's manifesto to the test. He has excited abroad, and he has realized at home, the hopes that he inspired, and he has not only to be the merest fanfarade; is there an instance in the history of the country when an administration has been so subservient to any foreign power as that of Grant has been to Spain?

Our neutrality laws, more stringent than those of any European monarchy, are in antagonism with the genius of our people. Nevertheless, the most conspicuous act of the present administration is the rigorous execution of this code against an oppressed colony whose republican patriots, nobly outstripping every example of history, began their revolution by decreeing the abolition of slavery, and are still struggling to throw off the yoke of a despotism that has fostered the slave trade, maintained a licentious Court, and foisted the education of the people, and is now trying in vain to sell its crown in the market of Europe. Indeed, so busy has the administration been in enforcing this exceptional code in the interests of Spanish despots and slave-mongers, that it has not found time to faithfully execute some of the ordinary revenue laws of our own country.

And how has the administration redeemed its pledge to protect citizens whose rights are not put in jeopardy merely, but are actually sacrificed? American citizens pine in British prisons for words spoken on this side of the Atlantic, and no reparation is heard from our Secretary of State. They are shown in cold blood and without trial in Cuba, and our State Department is dumb, while one of the national vessels stationed in the waters contiguous to that ill-fated island, and which might have afforded protection to the victims of Spanish cruelty, is ordered home to convey the President and a portion of his Cabinet on junketing tours to Long Branch or Newport.

As to the Alabama matter, it remains in statu quo, and its management has excited such profound contempt in the masses of our citizens, that it is doubtful whether the administration would not lose rather than gain by attempting to stir it up again. Certainly, unless it handles this state subject with a good deal more skill and in a far loftier American spirit than has characterized the rest of its foreign policy, it had better let it alone. At all events, it ought not to instruct our Minister to side around St. James' Palace with the air of a needy chapman dunning a haughty creditor, and begging to know when it will suit the convenience of the Foreign Secretary to look over our bill.

In a word, the foreign policy of this administration, proclaimed in sonorous phrases from the steps of the Capitol in March, has thus far proven to be one of the most pusillanimous in the history of the country.

CO-OPERATIVE EDUCATION.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

A self-supporting Co-operative Industrial School for boys and girls was founded in Reutlingen in Germany, in 1841, by Herr von Werner, the son of the Finance Minister. The founder was a student of the University of Tubingen, and at the time a poor vicar. The institution was opened for poor and destitute children, in order to show the possibility of using children's work as a capital for making such institutions self-supporting, and of getting rid of the degrading influence of almshouses. Herr von Werner was assisted by an excellent lady, who was his true helper in housekeeping and needlework, which she taught in his school until her death in 1849. They worked very hard, and were sometimes in want of food; nevertheless he was able, in 1840, to buy four cows and to rent some land. A great misfortune happened to him at this time—the loss of his place as vicar—but, as he could not swear over the symbolic books, the Government dismissed him from his vicarship. It was a favorite idea of Herr Werner's not only to give his pupils the opportunity to see different occupations, and to choose freely from them after some experience, but to keep them from 14 to 18 out of the way of the dangers of life in large cities, when they could not have the shelter of home-life, with friends. He therefore admitted outside children as apprentices, but they were obliged to pass a full year on probation, and to remain four years as apprentices.

With the assistance of some friends, he founded, in 1857, a paper mill and a credit institution, in which every one belonging to the institution could take a share, large or small.

The next year occurred a great hail-storm and famine, and seventy children left in the care of the community of Ebnor were put into the almshouse. Herr von Werner went to Ebnor, and, leaving some of these children in the care of his friends, took the rest into his institution for a certain sum paid by the community. He now bought a water-mill in connection with a large farm, so important to the comfort of the establishment. This farm of three hundred acres, stocked with thirty-six oxen, ten horses, cattle, and sheep, was conducted entirely by two men and these children. They ground flour, oil, and bones. It was very profitable, and very central for sending vegetables and other provisions to other similar institutions. From this time they grew very fast. The paper mill made every day from fifteen to twenty hundred weight of beautiful paper, with the help of twenty workmen and one hundred girls.

The large so-called *Mittel-Haus* contained the different bureaus under the care of ten persons; the needlework department with forty girls; the tailor and show workshops with from thirty to forty. The *Gottesdiene* contained the church and school-rooms, the home for Herr von Werner (which seemed to have belonged to all the family), and the sleeping-rooms for the boys and for a hundred workmen, nearly all of whom have been educated in the institution.

This institution is now very large and quite rich. It sends its travelling agents over Wurttemberg, Switzerland, and the Rhine. The knitting and crochet-work and net-work of the girls is sold for from thirty to sixty thousand dollars per year. The cotton mill is owned in fifty shares, a wool factory and chemical laboratory occupy twenty houses. A Kindergarten, a hospital, and a bank, also belong to the establishment; also a ribbon factory, a machine shop, a blacksmith's shop, shoemakers' shops, a furniture factory, a tannery, a school of design and engraving, and large machine shop and steam works, and two thousand acres of land. There are nine hundred children from two to twenty years of age, and five hundred and eighty adults in twenty-three different establishments, entirely self-supporting. All this is blessed and guided by one head and one large heart. The capital building, although the work was all done by members of the institution, cost \$200,000. Sometimes the whole town have given security for Herr von Werner.

MILLIONAIRES COMPLETING MONUMENTS.

From the N. O. Republican.

The statement that the New York millionaire, William B. Astor, informed a company of gentlemen at Saratoga the other day, that he proposed completing the Washington Monument at his own expense, brings to mind the fact that a similar patriotic action was done some thirty years ago by two wealthy gentlemen in relation to the Bunker Hill Monument. Judah Touro, Esq., of New Orleans, and Amos Lawrence, of Boston, each gave that object \$10,000, which enabled the association to complete the monument according to the original design. That work, like the one at the nation's capital, had long stood neglected and unfinished, a reproach to the city, State, and country, when these two noblemen of nature did what was more for men of their comparatively limited means than would be the completion of the large work at Washington by Astor, with his enormously overgrown fortune.

About the time Bunker Hill Monument was completed, a festival was held, commemorating the event, and the names of Judah Touro and Amos Lawrence were emblazoned on a scroll upon the wall, while the President, in mentioning their \$20,000 donation, gave the following lines:—  
"Amos and Judah, venerated names,  
Patience and prophet press the equal claims;  
Like generous sowers, running neck and neck,  
Each sows the work by giving it a check  
Christian and Jew, they carry out a plan,  
For, though of different faith, each is in heart a man."

It may chance, however, that the portion of the Washington Monument already built will be torn down; the stones removed to the Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis, the future capital of the nation, and the monument there will be completed by Astor, whose name will thus be handed down for centuries in connection with a work which will commemorate a nation's freedom as well as its enterprise and good taste.

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